

live high. I'm tired t death of ingless norant fowls, with

their 'cluck' and their 'quack,' " Thus mused a lone gobbler, the last of the As he eyed his companions in quarrelsome

"I long for the cultured surroundings of town And a share of the world's goodly praise and renown. I'm not a mere turkey, I'm almost a bird"-And, suiting the action at once to the word, He flopped his great wmgs in excitement and

Just a few feet in air when he lit in a slough. "I'm almost a peacock," undaunted he cried, And down went his broad double-chin in its And then, with the rustle and stir of high birth,

He spread out his feathers for all they were And strutted and trilled in his voluble way Till the awe-stricken poultry-tribe fied in dis-

"Look, ma, that there turkey," quoth old Farmer Brown. Who appeared at this moment, "I'll take right

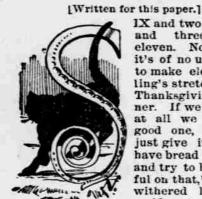
He'll go like a hot-cake on Thanksgivin' Day. Come, git on yer fixin's, and don't yer delay, I'll give yer the proceeds to git a new hat-A anug leetle mite, fur he's oncommon fat." Such low, boorish jargon of course was not

To this elegant bird's most fastidious ear; So they trotted him off to the great distan

Where a fashionable family gobbled him down, Admired and praised as the tenderest meat It ever had been their good fortune to eat. 'Mid "cultured surroundings" he melted away. His dreams more than realized-King for JULIA H. THAYER,

RESTITUTION.

The History of a Thanksgiving Surprise-A True Sketch.



IX and two are eight and three makes eleven. No. Mandy, it's of no use trying to make eleven shilling's stretch over a Thanksgiving dinner. If we have one at all we want a good one, so we'll just give it up and have bread and milk, and try to be thank-

ful on that," and the withered little old maid put back the dejected pile of nickles and small change into her old black pocket-book with a sigh

which was far from festive. her faded shawl close around her dinner. I declare it's enough to make the he is a thriving citizen. bones of the Buells rattle in their graves

if they knew of it." "We'll hope they don't," said Miss Serena, as she rose to put her money in the bureau drawer, right hand corner, and tucked under a pile of innocent looking handkerchiefs. "Father Buell thought he was rich carpets, and luxuriously furnished; leaving us provided for life when he made that will, and here we are so poor that it's a temptation to think of selling the cat." "Selling the cat!" echoed Miss Mandy, in a shrill tone of surprise. "Sell Thomas

Jefferson! You must be crazy, Serena, and, besides, who's a buying cats?" "Captain Thompson offered me a dollar for him yesterday. He had heard what a

splendid mouser he is, and his big house up there is just overrun with mice." "We might rent him or lend him for an accommodation, but sell him, 'Lecta's Thomas

Jefferson, no!" and Miss Mandy's foot tapped down emphatically on the bare Some kind soul had given them a gailybraided rug which they laid in the warm-

est corner by the stove, hovering over it as they sat in their rocking-chairs to knit on unusually cold days; still it was a very poor apology for the warmth and comfort

"Poor 'Lecta!" said Miss Serena. "Well, she's where she don't need any Thanksgiving dinner," and her eyes wandered toward the window through which could be seen the tops of tall shafts of marble outlined against the wintry horizon. It was the village burial ground and only six weeks before Electa, the youngest of the sisters, had been laid to rest there.

"I wonder if the mansions in Heaven have carpets and nice furniture; I do hope so, and that there'll be something like lace curtains, for I have always wanted some real lace curtains, and I've never seen any yet that just suited my idea," and Miss Mandy's eyes rested disapprovingly on the windows, the well-worn and faded shades of which conveyed no impression of beauty to her mind. She had a weakness for lace, and in the childishness of age might easily have been extravagant in gratifying her tastes had she the opportunity. "But I never expect to have them now this side o' Heaven."

"La, Mandy, how you do talk," and Miss Serena shook her head reprovingly, "as if the Lord would spend His time making lace curtains, or as if there is any thing

"Well, and why shouldn't there be Serena Buell? Isn't this world just full of poor folks, who have never had the chance to use the sparkling diamonds or the glit tering gold, and all the beautiful things He has furnished material for and given people the understanding to make; and why shouldn't they have their chance after their hard work and their pinching and scrimping is over?"

Miss Serena stared at her sister in amazement, the idea was so entirely novel that she had no words in which to combat it even if she had the desire. Her eyes fell after a moment, and she meekly raised a stick of wood and added it to the wan

"I do hope," she said, reflectively, "that there'll be water in Heaven, for I've always longed for a sea voyage and I'm never so perfectly happy as when looking the mercy of such a man." off on a sheet of water; such a soothing, restful feeling comes over me, Mandy. I can't explain why, but it's nature and I

"Of course there'll be water there," replied Miss Mandy, briskly. She had Buell, "though I can see now that it was cherished these oddly unorthodox ideas for only their undemonstrative ways which first to the sisters, who had never been out Indiana. He said, in answer to the Times-Democrat. some time, but in secret, fearing her sis- seemed so cold and indifferent. I have of their native State, to ge "Out West," ter would laugh at them. "Doesn't it more of the impulsive Churchill blood in and the Buell pride rebelled somewhat at tell in Revelation about the River of Life, and if there's green fields why "Well, then, if there has been a wrong "Gustus," but all their objections were a certain Carter had been made to oblige of New Hampshire. His opportunity a certain Pierce: "I desire to say to has come. He has a genius for reduccidents." shouldn't there be lakes and rivers, too. done the first thing to do is to right it," overruled, and they were made ready for you this is not true. The appointment ing the surplus, and nothing now But I do say, Serena, what foolish creat- said lively Kitty, with timely practicality. the ures we were, when we had the means of "And that means to give Fide his paper gratifying these innocent likings, that again," said Rollo, as the little dog looked we went on a hoarding and hoarding just up at his lost plaything with a beseeching like all the family before us, until we whine. Mr. Buell tore out the item and

had nothing to hoard." "But if I was to live my life over again | with your aunts?"

Russell Osborne's grand house, and he had his trip to Europe," said Miss Mandy.

"If I had to go with his conscience I whould expect to sink the boat before I prise we can carry all the materials for an

got half way over," and Miss Serena's eyes flamed flercely behind her glasses. "I wonder where 'Gustus is," she added, in a gentle tone. "I tell you, Mandy, I've always felt as if there was a wrong sticking to that money, and it's no wonder we lost it. If father hadn't been so harsh with 'Gustus-"

"He'i never have run away as he did. But father could never see that he could do any thing but farm and Gustus did hate farming," interrupted Miss Mandy. She was the eldest of the two, and, Gustus had been almost like a son as well as a petted brother. Fifteen years her junior, she had curled his infantile ringlets and buttoned his pinafores with motherly care, and later on taken his part in the hot disputes between him and his stern father, who would not see that the slender lad was good for any thing, since he had neither strength or ability to carry on the great farm from which Jonathan Buell had coined a large portion of his wealth. Finally the lad ran away, and when the old man died his will was made so as to cut off the son with a paltry handful of his father's wealth, the whole of the large remainder going to the sisters. This would not have been so bad, for justice could still have been done had they been given the control of their own; but fearing that they would share with their brother, he had appointed Russell Osborne sole trustee of the estate in trust for the sisters, giving him absolute control of the estate. while they could only command the inter-

This would have been ample for all their seeds, lace curtains and a trip to Europe included, had they chosen to use it, but the saving instinct of the Buells was strong in them, and they were economical, leaving all the more margin for Russell Osborne's scheming, and one fine morning they awoke to the sore knowledge that he and his bendsman had failed, and that the

Buell property had gone with the rest. The Osbornes lived more lavishly than before, but the property was in the wife's name, where the law could not touch it, and the Buell girls grew old and faded under the sense of their wrongs, and eked out an uncertain living upon a small village property which had been spared from the general wreck, it having belonged to their mother and not included in the will property. What had ever possessed Jonathan Buell to place such an unlimited trust in the hands of such a man as Russell Osborne is still a mystery; but in his unfortunate spite toward his son he had, as the saving goes, bitten his own nose off, and given his wealth to enrich one who had no right to it, and deprived his own family of even a decent living from the proceeds of his life of toil, and if the sleek and venerable Mr. Osborne was not haunted by his accusing spirit, he certainly deserved

Augustus Buell came home when his father died, and heard the unjust will read with anger and disdain, and had scornfulhey were satisfied with the will, and had couple of teacups and a pitcher. houghts of bitterness toward them, as he imagined them in the enjoyment of the crockery when a shock-headed boy stuck wealth which should have been shared his head into the door. house, and Miss Mandy shivered and drew | pitiful inheritance had formed the nucleus, | him an'll bring 'im back termorrer." and while the sisters are hovering over the rehumatic shoulders as she replied: "My, waning fire in the shabby room, the broth- don't say," cried Miss Serena, with upliftmy, Serena, to think of us coming down | er, whom they are bewailing, occupies an | ed hands, "are you a telling the truth or to bread and milk for a Thanksgiving elegant home in a Western city, of which a fibbing?" but the boy's mother had

> year, my dear?" said Mrs. Buell. She was a large, portly woman, with The family were sitting in the family

evidently the Buell love of economy had not been transmitted to the son. Martha," replied Augustus Buell, abstractedly; he was a fine-looking man of fortyfive now. "I had such a strange dream | timely end. last night that it has kept me thinking of

the old home all day." "Fie, father, to allow a dream to keep you looking so solemn all the evening." said Miss Kitty, a sprightly girl of seven-

"I was at home again, and yet not at home," resumed the father, "for all was so changed that there was nothing home

ike about it.' "Just see how comical Fido plays with this paper, papa," cried Rollo, a goldenhaired little fellow of ten, tossing up a newspaper as he spoke. Fido, a snowy pet dog of the poodle species, caught it in his teeth, throwing it up and catching it

again as a cat worries a mouse. It was an old newspaper, and had come into the house around a package during the day, and as the dog in his antice dropped it near Mr. Buell's feet, he stooped and picked it up, obeying an impulse for which he could not account as he smcothed it out and laid it upon his knee.

"Why, Martha," he exclaimed, in excited tones, "it is a copy of our old home paper. What strange chance has brought t to my hand?" He looked it over, but strange names alone met his eye until he turned it over. when an obituary paragraph caught his

attention. It was a notice of his sister Electa's death and a short sketch of the Buell sisters, their loss of fortune, a notice of himelf, and the mourning of the sisters for their long-lost brother.



"WHAT FOOLISH CREATURES WE ARE!" he!" he said, wrat hfully. "I have done wrong Martha to leave them so long to

"Of course you have," replied Mrs. Buell, regretfully. "They were not to blame because your father wronged you." too patiently at the time," replied Mr.

tossed the paper back to the dog as he re-

old-fashioned dinner," assented Mrs. Buell. "Of course, in their quiet life they are not prepared for such an unexpected

influx into their family." A merry evening was spent by the young people in planning for the coming journey, but Mr. and Mrs. Buell talked over the matter with grave faces. Electa had been the beauty of the family, and, in one sense, his favorite sister, though Amanda occupied more of a mother's place to him after his own mother's death. and the thought that she would be missing from the family circle was a sad one, as well as the fear that she had died in privation and poverty, when, had he known of their loss of fortune, he would so gladly have supplied every need, and he bitterly repreached himself that he had allowed himself to remain indifferent to their welfare so long. His sisters in possession of the estate, a part of which he considered belonged to himself, he had regarded with partial indifference, but Mandy and Serena, old, poor, and slone in their old age, touched a very tender chord in his heart, and he entered into the idea of the surprise heartily.

It was the week before Thanksgiving. and the sisters were washing up their lit- Flax, hemp and tle pan of breakfast dishes. The meal had been scant and the dishes in consequence were few in number.

"It appears to me I could eat a whole ham if I had it," sighed Miss Serena, as she put a crust to soak for Thomas Jefferson, "but buying ham at twenty cents a



"THAT'S JUST LIKE ONE OF HIS CAPERS." pound is quite different from going to one's own smoke-house for one. I declare I got so hungry last night that I dreamed about

"Don't, Serena," said Miss Mandy, with a queer little tremble in her voice. "It has een a bearing down on me all the mornly received the pittance left for him, and ing. what is a going to become of us in our turned his back on the spot which had be- old age. You and me can't work always, come hateful to him, and for twenty years | and the thought of a Buell being dependent the sisters had heard no word from him, on charity is-" and here Miss Mandy's whether he was dead or alive. He had voice became lost behind the pantry door parted from them in anger, believing that | where she had gone, ostensibly to set up a She was still there feebly rattling the

derfully in his hands, and the boy who bawled out. "Mam told me to come reduction of only about \$9,800,000. would not, and could not, make a farmer, over n tell yer that the 2:40 express These points illustrate the gene The wind gave a mournful little chirrup had proved himself an immense success in is all smashed up over to Lexington, an' as it came around the corner of the old another branch of business of which his old Russ Osborne's kilt. Ab's gone atter "Why, the land sakes, Lem Barker, you

called him away from a game of marbles "How shall we spend Thanksgiving this to deliver the message, and he was half way back to his play.

"Did I ever," and Miss Mandy sank into pleasant face and honest, sympathetic eyes. a chair with the traces of tears still bedewing her spectacles. "In the midst of sitting-room, soft with velvet rugs and life we are in death. It ain't much use to worry, Serena, about what'll happen to us to-morrow if we can only scratch up the Government, and a good deal more thought that our interest is their interest, our enough to supply our needs to-day. Poor | than four times as much, or probably "I have not thought of the matter, Russell Osborne," and the man's misdeeds and crooked life was forgotten for the time in their pity for his violent and un-

> breakfast on Thanksgiving morning, which was clear and frosty, when the morning train from the West rolled into the sta-

"Well," remarked Miss Mandy, discon solately, as she poured the tea-they always drank tea in the morning, saying that it woke them up for the day better than coffee-"pigeon pie isn't the tenderest eating that ever was, but it's better than bread and milk for a holiday dinner. That was a bright idea of yours, Serena. to catch those pigeons, though I did expect to see you break your neck a climbing that ladder into the loft."

"Well, Mandy, I just couldn't let the day go by without some kind of meat vittles " replied Miss Serena, apologetically; it certainly was a little of a frisky performance for a woman of her age, climbing ladders in search of wild birds. "Mebb

the exercise 'll do me good." "Bless us, Serena, what is that hack stopping at our door for," exclaimed Mandy, irrelevantly and pushing her glasses up on top of her head in her excitement, instead of leaving them on her nose to see with.

"I declare if I don't a'most believe that's Gustus," joyfully exclaimed Miss Serena. as a man jumped out with an immense turkey, the legs sticking out from its brown paper cover in his arms: "that's just like one of his capers, to come home and bring his dinner with him," and the getting out with their heavy baskets of

good things. "If this don't beat all the surprise par ties I ever heard of," said Miss Mandy, while a happy tear stole down her cheek. in years, not only with the goodly contents of the baskets, but with the Buell heirlooms of linen and silver which had been

stored away as far too good for use. The pigeon pie had been sent to a poorer neighbor, and the turkey amply filled its place, while the sisters fairly beamed with happiness and content. Every trace of a words, and they were happier than they had ever expected to be again. "These aunties are going home with us,

papa, aren't they?" and Kitty smiled up into Mandy's wrinkled face. "There is ample room there for all of us, and we can be so happy together." "La, cuild," replied Miss Mandy, feebly protesting; it looked very inviting to her to

have a home of plenty and some one to love and take care of her. "What would you grand home.'

"But I fancied they endured the wrong of you, and with all of us to love you, of course," replied Kitty.

> iourney by the experienced and sk ful hands of Mrs. Buell and Kitty. Restitution seldom comes in the real course of life, but it did in this case. Russell Osborne had a son, who had always been domiciled in their Western home, a gener-

TWO TARIFF BILLS.

The Difference Between the House and tables showing the amount of revenue better than Cleveland did when he collected during the past fiscal year, took office, for he has been one of the and the amount which would have difficulties himself; but there is neither been collected upon the same importa- in his career nor character the smalltions if either the Mills bill or Senate est reason for supposing that he will tribute bill had been the law. The make half the battle against them that

summary by schedules is as follows: Existing Sen v'e law. bill. 26,083,000 \$4,658,000 \$8,667,000 Chemicals. Glass and earth-7,588,000 7,308,000 6,607,000 enware ... Wood and wood 1,503,000 1,566,000 389,000 enware. Sugar and mo 57,145,000 27,841,000 46,381,000 lasses...... Cigars, tobacco 9,127,000 7,107,000 9,127,000 11,383,000 11,626,000 9,460,000 Wines, liquors, 7,681,000 8,054,000 7,681,000 the races, he said: Manufactures of 12,081,000 12,314,000 11,803,000 cotton .. 9,499,000 8,856,000 4,431,000 Wool and woolens...... Silk and silk 15,540,000 15,940,000 15,540,000 s, ... 1,145,000 1,220,000 1,142,000 ... 14.258,000 13,167,00 12,502,000 ete...... Sundries...

All previous comparisons have been for the fiscal year 1887; the above is for the fiscal year 1888. The total \$211,113,000. The importations being the same, it would have been \$182,and \$160,682,000 under the House Reform bill. The internal revenue col-Senate bill it would have been \$94,-247,000 and under the House bill \$107,-House bill, \$19,880,000. It will be seen upon examining the

table that the House bill makes reductions in every schedule except cigars and tobacco, wines and liquors and silks. The Senate bill reduces the totals only in the chemical, glass, metal, sugar, cigars, flax and sundries schedules, and increases the totals under each of the other seven schedules. The most marked and characteristic differences are in the metals, sugar and wool schedules. In the metals schedule the Senate bill makes a reduction of only \$100,000 in the total, while the Mills bill makes a reduction of over \$7,500,000. In the wool schedule the Senate bill makes an increase of \$4,700,000 in the total, while the House bill makes a reduction of nearly \$18,700,000. On the other hand, in the sugar schedule the Senate bill makes a reduction of \$29,with him. The money had prospered won- "Say, hee'rd the news, Miss Buell?" he 300,000, while the House bill makes a whose misjudgments of the Southern people

duties on metals and woolens are high- armies at Gettysburg and elsewhere, with the ly protective. To speak more correctly, they are mainly for tribute. They ity brightening and cheering alike both South-take about \$58,000,000 a year from the people for the use of the Government. They take at least four times as much, or \$232,000,000, from the people to enrich manufacturers and to sink in unprofitable enterprises. Under the Senate bill they would take about \$63,-000,000 from the people for the use of not less than \$260,600,000, for tribute. On the other hand, the duties on sugar | since passed when the American people can are mostly for revenue. They take for The sisters were shivering over a late | the use of the Government about \$57,-000,000, or nearly the same as the to our children; we owe it to both races whose duties on metals and wool and woolens, and not more than one-tenth of that sum, or \$5,700,000, for tribute. The Senate bill proposes to relieve the people of a revenue burden of \$29,-300,000, and a tribute burden of \$2,-930,000.

The House bill proposes to reduce the revenue burdens on metals and woolens to \$32,000,000, and the tribute burden to \$128,000,000. On sugars it proposes to reduce the revenue burden to \$46,400,000, and the tribute burden to \$4.640,000. The difference may be plainly exhibited in the form of a table showing what the two bills propose to take from the people under these schedules for revenue and tribute as follows:

METALS AND WOOLENS, Senate bill, House bill. £ 32,000,0 TO 128,000,000 SUGARS. 46,400,000

Totals..........\$353,625,100 \$211,040,000 Here is a difference of over \$142,-500,000 in revenue and tribute together, and a difference of over \$130,000,000 old ladies nobbled to the door as fast as in the tribute exaction. This differtheir rheumatic limbs would carry them, ence between the two bills is characterwhile Mrs. Buell. Kitty and Rollo were istic. It illustrates the difference between the tariff for revenue party and the tariff for tribute party.

The summary above given from the tables of the Treasury Department The table was set as it had not been before comes very far short of exhibiting the abominations of the Senate bill, which are to be seen in the details far more than in the totals. When these details are received, the Globe will serve up some more striking illustrations of differences between the party of reamisunderstanding between them and Gus sonable taxation for public purposes, had been swept away with a few earnest and the party of "robbery under the

forms of law."-Chicago Globe. HARRISON A SPOILSMAN.

The Next President's Ideas Concerning Civil-Service Reform. One of the Cabinet jokes during Garfield's short term was that Blaine said "Harrison had asked for thirteen more first-class missions than there do with a pair of old women like us in your were." What Harrison's views were "Do with you, why, set you up with a room | Service were indeed sufficiently set of your own, with a servant to take care forth by him in his letter of April 3. 1883, to Mr. N. Filbeck, touching the assertion that the appointment of a

Service rules to all appointments and removals. It will, however, be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance The Treasury Department has just the reform." We believe he does not ssued a complete set of comparative know these practical difficulties much Cleveland has done .- N. Y. Post.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

Governor Gordon Makes a Strong and Patriotic Inauguration Speech. Governor John B. Gordon was inaugurated for his second term of office at Atlanta, Ga., the other day. After referring to the continued growth of Georgia and the South under Democratic rule, and the harmony between

The responsibility of the States for the char

acter of the Federal Administration is greater than the average voter is prone to admit, and the responsibility of each individual State, like 35,629,000 40,328,000 16,951,000 that of the individual citizen, is in proportion to its prominence and approach to leadership. Georgia could not, therefore, if she would, ric herself of the grave responsibility which at taches to the position which she has achieved and which is so freely accorded her as one of the conspicuous States of the American Union, I will not undertake to predict the policy that will be pursued toward the South when the triumphant party shall revenue from imports last year was have gathered into its hands all the powers of the legislative and executive de partments of the Government. None of the reciprocal rights of her people can justly be 393,000 under the Senate Tribute bill abridged by any changes in the Federal Admin istration. In this connection my sense of ob ligation to this confiding and patriotic people compels me to declare my profound conviction lected was \$124,823,000. Under the that no overwhelming or crushing calamity will or can befall them. I can not believe tha alienation and strife is to be the lasting heritage from our unhappy war, notwithstanding 443,000. The additions of the Senate | the melancholy fact that some of the leaders bill to the list would have caused a rein high places, seek year by year to estrange duction of \$5,705,000; those of the the sections and embroil the races. I do not believe that the return of the Republican party to power in this era of prosperity and peace means, or can mean, the enactment of farce bills and the enslavement of the States. In this American Republic and the reigning political party proposes but the sovereign people disposes. Passions may cry aloud for Federal intervention in the affairs of States, but the omnepotent flat of a lofty patriotism which sways the heart of the Amer.can people will surely condemn it. If there be one principle of government dearer than all others to American freedom it is the independence, equality and freedom of the States. This is the central thought of our political faith; it is the keystone in the arch of the constitution, and when that is destroyed the doom of the constitution and freedom is sealed. When the independence and equality of the States are struck down the Republic falis. O, no, the strangulation of the States by Fed-

eral intervention will never be tolerated by the American people. What possible excuse could be given for interference by the general Government in the affairs of Georgia that would not also justify interference with any State in the Union? What evil exists here that does not exist elsewhere and which is so full of danger that to correct it the fundamental laws must be ignored and Statehood imperiled? I can not doubt that there are men in high places or whose sectional bas would lead them to the threshold of revolutionary and destructive legislation. In the light of public sentiment as cause of sectional strife dead and the lingering discord rapidly dving, with peace and prospercial intercourse multiplying and strengthening, with Northern products in the hands of Southern consumers and Northern money in Southern bonds, railroads, mills and mines, with both material interests and political liberty at stake, how can we doubt that condemnation by the great conservative masses of our Northern countrymen would cause even the most incom considerate of leaders to turn from the brink of such a precipice? Take courage, then, in the prosperity their prosperity, our State freedom their State freedom, and that, whatever be the demands of partisan leaders, the day has long calmly contemplate the destruction of this Un on by destroying the equality of the States that compose it. We owe it to ourselves and interests are linked by immutable decrees to a common destiny: we owe it to each and all of our sister States; we owe it to the vital principles of our free institutions, to renew our yows of fidelity and of unfaltering support of a Union of equal and independent States.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

-The election of the representatives of the high-tax party does not by any means settle the tariff question. -Milwaukee Labor Review.

-Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, should at once recall the fact that his distinguished grandfather was worried to death by office-seekers within one month after his inauguration.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

-President Cleveland is a thor- Detroit Free Press. oughly honest man, but a poor politician. He could have elected himself had he resorted to the ruses and stratagems adopted by his antagonists .-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

-Of course we will now have a grand exposition of Civil-Service reform, touching which we have heard so much from Republican party organs. As we understand the Republican idea of Civil-Service reform, it lies in kicking out Democrats and putting in Republicans with all possible speed .-Kansas City Times.

-Success is always attended by a swarm of flatterers. One of the newspaper adulators of Harrison says he "broader" than Arthur, "less emotional" than Garfield, an abler leader than Hayes, and a greater statesman than Grant, and promises, with all his wonderful qualities, to leave a record behind him second only Leather binding of books may also be to that of Lincoln. The author of this cleaned by this method, but white tribute must badly want a foreign Roman bindings should be washed mission or a post-office. - Philadelphia

Record. -Now that the bitterness of defeat is wearing off, the Democratic party, and the Union also, can truly estimate Mr. Cleveland's merits and ability. He was not a man to awaken great enthusiasm; he was not a man with hosts of political friends and followers; above all, he was not a polias to the use and abuse of the Civil tician, framing his administration so as to advance either his own personal interests, or those of the party; but he was a firm, determined, courageous

It seemed like a gigantic undertaking at appointment of a revenue collector in and patriotic Chief Magistrate. - N. O. ---Keep your eye on Senator Blair, certain Carter had been made to oblige of New Hampshire. His opportunity whether I had evah been in any acbe the weight of (Republican) in- troduction of spendthrift methods into fluence in this district." In other the management of our National words, he has been an avowed spoils- finances. His attention should be ashamed of his father's crooked ways, and man, pure and simple. In his letter called to the fact that the Sioux Indians "It was the Buell blood in 2s," and marked: "You are quite right, Kirty, and as soon as he could settle the affairs of the of acceptance he approves of the stand greatly in need of silk pocket-Miss Serena shook her head mournfully. what do you say to spending Thanksgiving estate, he sent the sisters, now happily Civil-Service law, which we believe handkerchiefs, and that there are "But if I was to live my life over again 1'd have a trip to Europe out of the Buell savings before any body'd get a Chance to swindle us out of them."

There's no lack of lace curtains in Thanksgiving surprise party and carry our own dinner."

Russell Osborne's grand house, and he Russell Osborne' Cleveland has, on the whole, faith- negroes in the South who do not own

WILD WESTERN KICKS.

Significant Extracts from a Recent Issue SUED FOR LIBEL -Our genial sheriff, Bill Mayes, dropped in us the other day to subscribe for a copy of the Kicker to send to a friend in Vermont, and to speak words of cheer and en-

couragement in regard to our enter-

prise. Before he left he incidentally served papers on us in libel suits as

 The Widow Hockins
 \$19,000

 Jack Hines
 20,000

 Colonel Johnson
 10,000

 Mrs. Smithers
 15,0 0

All the above suits were the result of a few truthful paragraphs in a recent issue, and while not exactly expected, are not unwelcome. We don't think a newspaper amounts to shucks until it has half a dozen libel suits on the docket, and we don't believe that any editor will get up and hump himself until he realizes that he has got to raise two hundred thousand dollars in cash inside of a year. Friends, Romans! Come and see us.

EXPLANATORY.—Last week we ad- supper, and started out accordingly. vised our friends to give the cold shoulder to a traveling theatrical company which advertised a week's engagement at Root Hog or Die Hall, and after playing to empty benches for two nights, the company slid out of town, though not before the leading man, the villain, the juvenile, the first old woman and Clara Vere De Vere, the heroine, had stoned the Kicker office and dared us to come forth in the still night and be mangled to a pulp. Let this be a warning to other theatrical companies. No free tickets were left at this office in this case. In fact, the Kicker was coolly ignored. It will be wise in all others to come and see us at once. We want at least six deadhead tickets to front seats, and in case we don't get 'em the show is going to prove a bad financial failure. This office is the place to get date lines and dodgers, and this paper is the proper medium to advertise in.

Some Suggestions. -In the coming county and city elections it is desirable that good, clean men be put in the field as candidates. We have considerable spare time on our hands, and if nominated for and elected to the office of county clerk we should hope to fill the place to the satisfaction of the public. We are satisfied that we would also make a good mayor. We could give that office our attention for two hours per day, and we believe we know the needs of the town and how to satisfy them. If we are elected register of deeds we promise that the office shall be mopped out every Saturday, and those who have business with us difference between the two bills. The illustrated by the cordial reunion of both will find us always in cheerful humor. It looks well to see a leading journalist holding positions of trust and respect. They invariably make the best office-holders. We throw out these few suggestions in all candor, and have no doubt they will be acted upon to the best interests of the party and the public. They either will be or the party will hear something drop. BOUND FOR THE GALLOWS .- We at-

Sarah. When the contribution box cident. After the services we went to Deacon Jaggers, who runs the box, and requested seventy-five cents rebate. He refused to make it, saying that the Lord never allowed discounts or rebates. The deacon being this sort of a man, the Kicker does not hesitate to record the fact that he broke jail at Akron, O., twelve years ago, and is still wanted in that State for bigamy. We have been keeping still on him because we were trotting Sarah about, and because the deacon claimed that he was doing work for the Lord in this locality. We have given Sarah the shake, and we shall now stand the deacon out to public view in a way which will make him anxious to move before Christmas --

Egg-Yelks for Boils.

The yelk of eggs made into a plaster with honey and flour, of about the consistency of mustard paste, gives speedy relief to one afflicted with boils. The white, used as a coating for scalds and burns, excludes the air, which so aggravates the sufferings of a burned person. It is softer than cellodion, therefore better, and is always at hand; it is more cooling than the once popular sweet oil and cotton. The white, beaten with sugar, is invaluable in bronchial affections, especially in hoarseness, when a little lemon juice may be added with good results. Cider vinegar may be substituted for the lemon juice when the latter is not available. Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of eggs. with a soft flannel saturated in soapsuds .- Detroit Tribune.

A Maiden's Rank Cruelty.

"Aw, Chappie, glad to see you, you know; deuced glad." "How ah you, Clawence."

"What's the mattah? You seem downcast." "Yaas; you see I called on a young ady lawst evening, and I don't think

made a favorwable impwession."

"What was the twouble?" "We were talking about excursions, and she asked me if I had been in the water any last summer. I replied that I had, and then she wanted to know

"Of course you told her about that episode near Long Island?" "Ya-as, and what do you think she said ?"

"Don't know, I'm sure." "She simply remarked: 'What splendid life-boats your shoes must have made."-Merchant Traveler.

AN IMMENSE LYNX.

How the Largest Bob-Cat Ever Killed in the County Was Laid Low. Twas a warm morning in September when I shouldered my rifle and started with my dog for the "Giant's Basin,"

hoping to bring home a fine buck, for the venison was running low at the camp, and in this region winter sets in early, and when first here, stays. The basin was a favorite "lick" for deer, and this fall had been a plentiful one for them. The road led through sunny Keene valley, where it turned up to the mountain and led for the rest of the way along the sides of different ledges, sometimes high in the air, and again along the dry ledge of a mountain stream. At last the basin has reached, and after waiting an hour or more my patience was rewarded by obtaining a fat young buck, which I quartered and hung on a tree, to await the arrival of a party of trappers who were going to join me at the basin on the following morning.

Before preparing for the night I took it into my head to have a partridge for

Luck seemed against me, and I was

about to turn back for the basin, when, to my dismay, I had not the least idea which way to turn, and it had grown very dark, the wind had come up, and every appearance of a cold night pervaded the air. While pondering what to do, the wind brought to my ears a cry or moan so faint as to be hardly heard above the whispering balsams, but all doubt was removed by a second cry much nearer and more distinct than the first. I now realized what the cry meant, and I knew that the smell of fresh vension had attracted the nose of one of the ugliest animals of the forest, the Canadian lynx, or bob-cat. Before I could make ready for an attack or find a place of shelter, the boughs ahead of me parted, and with a yell the lynx, for such it proved to be, sprang straight for my shoulders, and would have struck me full in the chest had I not retained presence of mind to drop on one knee and thus receive the whole weight of the animal on my heels. We both turned, but the cat was just a little bit quicker, and, catching my arm in his open jaw, rolled me over on my back, and at the same time settled his jaws well into my hunting jacket. With the arm that was free I struggled desperately to reach my hunting knife, that I might the sooner end the struggle, which was beginning to severely tell on my strength. At last my arm was free from his jaws; he had dropped it to use his teeth to better effect on my throat, and had nearly accomplished this when from under the bushes I saw a black, shaggy mass fly through the air and fasten itself on the back of the cat, who rolled over and prepared for another struggle, which lended by plunging my knife to his heart, and thus saving my dog-for it was my watchful friend-from a struggle that must inevitably end in a victory for the bob-cat. I slept that night with a lynx for a pillow and a dog for a foot-board, and was awakened next morning by trappers who had come in search of me, not finding me tended church the other evening in at the basin. By the aid of poles we company with Hank Rifer's oldest girl, | carried the cat home, and when measured it was found to reach twelve feet, was passed we intended to chip in a tip to tip, being the largest specimen quarter, but got hold of a dollar by ac- of the kind ever killed in the country. -Boston Traveller.

MASTERY OVER FEAR.

The Power of Mind Over Matter in Mo-

It would be interesting to know how many courageous people are really aprehensive and cowardly at heart. Many a recklessly brave soldier has confessed that he went to battle quaking with a fear perhaps as overwhelming as that which prompted the deserter to flight. The great difference between them was that of moral fiber. The one was of stuff stern enough to ensure his fidelity; the other was craven, body and soul.

Mere hardihood of feeling is simply an affair of the nerves. A person may be endowed with it, or he may not, and consequently his only responsibility lies in nobility of action. A lady who had preserved an absolute calmness of demeanor during a night of great danger at sea, was afterwards complimented on her courage.

"Did I really behave well?" she

asked, in some surprise. "Like a heroine. When those hysterical women screamed you didn't open your lips, and you only moved to make them more comfortable."

"I am glad," she replied, with a sigh of relief. "I was so beside myself with fear that you wouldn't surprise me if you said I screamed, too. I actually looked in the glass the first thing next morning, to see if my hair had turned

"But how did you manage to conceal your fear?" "Oh, I kept saying to myself: 'Remember, you are not to make a fuss.'

I set my mind on that." "What sort of a man makes the bravest soldier?" asked some one of an old officer who had often been tried by danger and was never found want-

"Well," he responded, after some thought, "I should say it is the man who keeps the steadiest grip on him-

Very few people, indeed, have a sufficiently high estimate of the power of mind over matter, in moments of danger. A young woman-one of the modern young women who do not hesitate to express an opinion-does not think that boys are, by nature, more courageous than girls. For she

"It is a recognized tradition that men are to be brave, and so, when they are afraid, they say nothing about it. Woman may scream without forfeiting her good name; therefore she

allows herself that privilege." This young philosopher's logic may be defective, but it points to the very evident fact that, while any one may be conscious of fear, it is only the cow-

country is going to wreck and ruin.